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### Octoroons.

D. M. Locke, ("Nashy,") writes as follows in the Toledo, Ohio, Blade:

There is in New Orleans a race and distinct race which is no race. It has its one hand upon the whites and the other upon the blacks, and it occupies a position betwixt and between, belonging to both and to neither. The whites refuse to acknowledge relationship with them. Like the bat, they are neither bird nor animal, but occupy a position entirely distinct; and a very lonesome one it is.

These are the octoroons, which in New Orleans means not only a person whose blood is one-eighth negro, but all that class who are almost white, but in whom negro blood is perceptible. Down here they don't say negro blood—it is negro "taint." They are not white enough for the white, nor black enough for the negro.

Their position, especially that of the women of the race, is very peculiar. No matter how white an octoroon girl may be, a white man may not marry her. She may be as beautiful as Venus, and accomplished in every possible way; she may sing like Patti and paint like Rosa Bonheur; but no white man would marry her and remain in New Orleans. It would be ostracism for her, and for him also. She could not be received in society, and he would find himself on the wrong side of the fence at once. The law is fixed, and the barricade is impassable.

The women of this mixed race are wondrously beautiful. Their complexions are dazzling white, with a shade of olive underneath the skin that shines through, tinging down the white to a shade of brown that is as beautiful, in the matter of color, as beautiful can be; their teeth are marvels of whiteness and regularity; the figures are invariably perfect in their voluptuousness, and the whole woman is as near physical perfection as anything ever permitted on this earth to the temptation of man. Saint Anthony would have stood but a poor chance had he undergone his temptation in New Orleans, and had the arch enemy employed octoroon women to work his fall. There is nothing in womanhood more delightful.

The men among them are in various employments, and many of them have achieved successes. They have had advantages above their half brothers who are darker in color, for they are all, necessarily, the sons of white men, many of whom have, for their mother's sake, been liberal to them in the matter of education and means to commence life with after education has been completed.

To understand this, the status of the octoroon woman must be understood. She cannot marry a white man nor can a white man marry her. She cannot associate with the race with which she is allied, for she has had opportunities far above them. She looks upon the "nigger" proper with even more contempt than does the pure white. Her contempt is tinged with bitterness; for she cannot help thinking that, were she without one drop of negro blood, her beauty and acquisitions would give her any place among women she might desire.

But while a white man may not marry her, there is no law—human at least—that prevents his living with her. As the poor girl cannot marry a white man, and will not marry a negro, she does what seems to her the next best thing, and the only thing she can do; she accepts the "protection" of a white lover and lives with him. The next thing

is for the white lover to buy her a house, furnish it gorgeously, and make it really his home. He does not take her to the theatre or balls of his own class, nor is he ever seen with her on the street; but her house is really his home. She bears him children, and those children he educates and provides for, in many instances, better than his legal offspring; but he may not recognize them. The black blood in them bars that.

When he is tired of his illegal flame it is the simplest thing in the world. The house and its furnishings are hers, and whatever money he has given her becomes hers in her own right; and the middle aged woman who has lost her beauty accepts the situation, lets the furnished rooms to single gentlemen, and lives in comfort all her life on the proceeds. It is for this that she enters into the arrangement in the first place, and its ending satisfies her. She accumulates the money, her children, who would pass for white anywhere except in the South, go elsewhere where their talent has scope; and the daughters may emigrate also, or they may stay in New Orleans and go through the same experience that their mother did before them.

This explains why the male octoroon is generally a well educated and altogether superior sort of man. "Nigger" as he is, he has the best blood of the South in his veins always, and if there is anything in blood he must be a superior man.

These octoroons were, for the most part, slaves prior to the war, they being employed as house servants and in confidential positions. In those "good old days" a beautiful octoroon girl brought a very high price—for what purpose may be imagined—and the trade in them was made a regular thing in New Orleans.

"I feel it my duty to inform you," he began, as he met a bank president on the street, "that your cashier is—ha—that is, he gambles. Yes, sir, he frequents faro rooms."

"Just heard all about it half an hour ago."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir. Cashier came in and informed me that he won \$12,000 and broke a faro bank last night. He buys \$10,000 of our stock at par, gets a vacation of four weeks, and will hereafter devote himself to draw poker. Come and see us when you want a shave."

"Governor" Weed.

In connection with Mr. Seward's executive service there used to be told a good story, which had wide circulation, and which was enjoyed by no one more than by the governor himself.

While journeying about the State, Mr. Seward was fond of accosting all sorts of people, with whom he discussed public measures, without disclosing his own identity. It was safe to resort to this in districts removed from the ordinary route of travel.

On one of his trips the Governor was passing through a far western county, and, as was his custom, rode on top of the stage, by the side of the driver. He took a lively interest in all that was passing, and constantly plied his companion with questions. He wanted to know about crops, facilities for transportation, the population of each hamlet, who kept the taverns, who were the leading politicians, what was the condition of churches, schools, poor-houses, etc.

Finally it came to the driver's turn to ask questions, and inflam-

ed with curiosity to know who this inquisitive passenger was, began:

"You are a merchant, I suppose?"

"No, sir," said the Governor, "I am not a merchant."

"A lecturer, then?"

"No, sir, I am not a lecturer."

"A minister?"

"No, sir."

After a few moments the driver said: "You must be a big grain buyer."

"No, sir, I am not."

"Then I know what you are; you must be a lawyer, or you would not ask so many questions."

"That is not my business at present."

"Who are you, then?" finally asked the driver, unable longer to restrain the direct inquiry.

"I am governor of this state."

It was asking a good deal of the driver to expect him to believe that. He showed his incredulity.

"Well," said Mr. Seward, "suppose you wait until the stage gets to the next town. I know the landlady there, and he can identify me."

"He won't say you're the Governor I'll bet a dollar."

"Soon afterwards the stage drew up in front of the next tavern, and walking up to the landlady, who stood among a crowd of loungers on the steps, Mr. Seward said:

"See here, Mr. Tompkins, you know me, do you not?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, then, this driver is not willing to believe that I am Governor of New York."

"Stick to it, John," said the tavern-keeper. "I don't believe it either."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Seward, in astonishment. "Then who is Governor?"

"Thurlo Weed."

The Territorial prison, at Yuma, is a heavy bill of expense to the taxpayers of Arizona. Year after year the cost of maintaining it steadily increases. The plan proposed by a cotemporary of sending our convicts to some eastern institution is meeting with favor. That there will be a great saving to the Territory if such a plan is adopted, has been shown conclusively. Besides, it is conceded that Yuma is not the place for such an institution. Looking from a sanitary point of view, the place should never have been chosen for such a purpose. It is hard enough on the wretches whom society has decreed shall be deprived of liberty, to suffer that deprivation. But when to it is added the additional punishment of being compelled to breathe the air of Yuma in a close cell, when the place is as sultry as an annex to Tophet, is indeed, the very refinement of cruelty. And again, there is no possibility that the Territorial prison can ever be made self-sustaining so long as it remains at Yuma. Beyond digging down the hill on which the structure stands, there is no employment to which prisoners can be put that would prove remunerative. This one fact, alone, should cause our legislature to hesitate about appropriating any more money for the building of the Yuma prison pen. Either remove the institution to some point in the Territory where there is some probability of its being made self-supporting, or else adopt the plan of farming out our convicts to some eastern establishment. We are aware these ideas will not meet the views of some gentlemen in Yuma, (not in the prison,) but we believe the taxpayers of Arizona will heartily endorse them.—Florence Enterprise.

### To Mine Owners of Yuma Co.

I am arranging a collection of the different ores of this county, in my office. Any specimen sent to me will be thankfully received and placed in the cabinet. Please label specimens as to probable value, name of mine and district.

Jos. J. Stein, County Recorder.



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